

THE OHIO UNION.

VOL. VIII.

ASHLAND, OHIO, WEDNESDAY MORNING, MAY 17, 1854.

NO. 52.

THE OHIO UNION.

Published every Wednesday morning at the town of Ashland, Ashland county, Ohio, by J. S. SHERIDAN.

Office on Main street, over Robert McManis's Store.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.
The Union will be furnished to subscribers at the rate of two dollars per annum, in advance. If not paid before the expiration of the year, the Dollars and Fifty Cents, will be charged, if payment is deferred until after the expiration of the year. A failure to pay in full, and give notice of discontinuance to the Publisher, at the close of the time a bill is rendered, will be considered an engagement for the next year, and so on year after year.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.
One square, 11 lines or less, 3 weeks or less... \$1.00
Every subsequent insertion... 37
One square, 3 months... 3.00
One square, 6 months... 5.00
One square, one year... 9.00
One fourth column one year... 14.00
One third column one year... 17.00
One half column one year... 20.00
Two thirds column one year... 23.00
Three fourths column one year... 26.00
Advertisements, to insure insertion, should be made by Monday evening. The number of insertion should always be designated—other wise advertisements will be continued until ordered out, and charged by the square.

JOB PRINTING.
All kinds of Job Printing executed, on the shortest notice and most reasonable terms.

Business Directory.

JUDICIAL OFFICERS.

JAMES STEWART, President Judge.
A. L. GRIFFITH, Probate Judge.
JOHN D. JONES, Clerk of C. C. Court.
ALEX. PORTER, Prosecuting Attorney.

COUNTY OFFICERS.

ISAAC GATES, Auditor.
JAMES W. BOYD, Treasurer.
JOHN D. JONES, Sheriff.
ADAM HERD, Recorder.
ORLOW SMITH, Coroner.
JOHN G. BROWN, Surveyor.
GEORGE MCNEEL, Commissioner.

SCHOOL EXAMINERS.

GEORGE W. HILL, Ashland.
ORLOW SMITH, Locustville.
J. McCORMICK, Locustville.

BOROUGH OFFICERS.

JOHN H. MCCONNELL, Mayor.
WILLIAM HALL, Recorder.
J. W. K. WALKER, Treasurer.
ALLEN DICKER, Marshal.
JACOB HILDEBRAND, Tax Collector.
M. H. MANFIELD, Tax Collector.
JACOB KRECHBAUM, Tax Collector.

Hotels.

MILLER HOUSE.
FIVE subscribers have to announce that he has opened a Hotel, to be called "The Miller House," directly opposite the "Samuel House," Main Street, Ashland, and respectfully solicits a share of the public patronage. M. MILLER.
Ashland, March 22nd, 1854.—44—45

EMPIRE HOUSE,
AKRON, O.
G. RAYMOND, Proprietor.
Akron, Jan. 10, 1854.—45

AMERICAN HOUSE.
THE undersigned having leased the above house for a term of years, respectfully solicits a share of the public patronage. No effort will be spared to make comfortable all who may favor him with a call. J. D. RICE.
Jeromeville, Nov. 5, 1853. 501f

FRANKLIN HOUSE.
HAVING leased the above named House for a term of years, the undersigned respectfully solicits a share of the public patronage. No effort will be spared to make comfortable all who may favor him with a call. WILLIAM ROBINSON.
Ashland, Nov. 23, 1853. 501f

FULLER HOUSE.
JOSEPH DEARMAN, having again taken the above House, will be prepared to accommodate all his old friends who may favor him with a call. Londonville, Nov. 23, 1853. 501f

LAWYERS.

COOPER & WATSON, Ashland, Ohio.
TUGGS, O. H.

WATSON & PARKER.
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law, in Ashland, Ohio.
HAYING formed a partnership, will give prompt attention to all business entrusted to their care, in this and adjoining counties. Office in the room lately occupied by the County Treasurer. Ashland, Nov. 23, 1853. 501f

KELOGG & ALLISON.
Attorneys at Law and Solicitors in Chancery.
WILL attend to all professional business entrusted to their care, in this and adjoining counties. Ashland, Nov. 23, 1853. 501f

SMITH & SLOAN.
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law.
OFFICE over Empire Store of J. R. Smith. Business in this and neighboring counties promptly attended to. Ashland, Nov. 23, 1853. 501f

KENNY & PORTER.
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law.
WILL attend promptly to all business entrusted to their care in this and adjoining counties. Office on corner of Main and Church streets. Ashland, Nov. 23, 1853. 501f

KEESON & MCCORMICK.
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law.
OFFICE on Main street, over the Grocery Store of J. R. Freer, Ashland, Ashland County, Ohio. November 23, 1853. 501f

THOMAS J. HULL.
Attorney at Law, and Justice of the Peace.
Londonville, Ashland County, Ohio. 501f

PHYSICIANS.

F. H. CLARK, M. D.
OFFICE at his residence nearly opposite the Court House, where he may be consulted at all times. Ashland, Feb. 14, 1854. 501f

J. W. KINNAMAN, M. D.
Practitioner of Medicine and Surgery.
MAY be consulted at his residence on Main street. November 23, 1853. 501f

DR. THOMAS HAYES.
Practitioner of Medicine and Surgery.
SAVANNAH, Ashland County, Ohio. Also, Just. of the Peace and Notary Public. November 23, 1853. 501f

JEWELERS, &c.

I. B. GOODFELLOW.
WATCH MAKER AND JEWELER.
Dealer in Watches, Jewelry, Clocks, Yankee Notions, &c. Watches and Clocks repaired and warranted. Highest price paid for old gold and silver. Opposite the Samuel House. Ashland, Ohio. 501f Dec. 14, 1853.

WILLIAM HALLSTON.
WATCH AND CLOCK MAKER, Post Office Building, Main street, Ashland, Ohio. Gold and Steel Pens, and a choice variety of Jewelry, kept constantly on hand. November 23, 1853. 501f

G. A. HUBBES.
Manufacturer of Boots and Shoes.
HUBBES does below the Price Printing Office, Ashland, Ohio. Custom Work done to order on the shortest notice and most reasonable terms. December 14th, 1853. 501f

Communicated.

THE FIRST WHILE AMONG OUR HILLS.

When the engine's shrill whistle
First rang among our hills,
Beneath the pale moon's light,
Were changed into chills,
Old silus that were crooked
Affright put to walking,
And tongues that were paled
Were scarce in talking.
Pat Wiggins sat eating
When he heard a strange humming,
"Lord Biddy!" he shrieked,
"What on earth's coming?"
Clinging to him she gasped
With her nerves all a-quake,
"Tis the devil!" said she
"See! he goes like a strake!"
Pat Wiggins' preacher
His sermon at writing,
The spirit within him
Gave aid in writing,
As dead as a mallet,
Was his withered, old ear,
"Ah! Gabriel!" he groaned,
"Tis thy trumpet hear!"
Teasing Kate for a kiss
Jack Mullethead sat,
Short pants up his legs
And brimless his hat,
Now Kate was a coward
Though brimming with fun,
An affectionate friend
And true as a gun.

White blushing, and twisting
Her cheek against his side,
First time "among our hills"
The whistle did ring,
"Take, take it!" he boomed
The judgment day here!"
And her pallid lips gave it,
A cold kiss of fear.
Old mother Gab, who
Had company that day,
Of dames all assembled
In Sunday array;
Came down off with ribbon
And frills of wide lace,
And "herbless" neat pinned
Each corner in place.

At supper they sat
The tea cakes a gummy
And teasing the jellies,
When to a queer humming,
As if some near and louder
The "rays" came, and "says I!"
Were lost in a wail,
Keen hands and long sighs,
Then, staid was hushed
And some tried to pray,
And I heard Widow Screw
In her agony say—
"To save this nice tea
I guess I will drink it,
For life's worthless now
As any brass trinket!"

Old farmer Deacon
With hands in his breeches,
And begged eyes stood
In "mong the leeches,
"I saw Zeke," he said,
As the train like a flash
Flew by him, "I breathe
Our mere all to smash!"

But I cannot tell
The mischief it does,
The first whistle-shout
That woe might and fear,
In the houses "mong the hills
And the country old trees
Where now it floats daily
Upon the spring breeze,
P—Station, on O. & P. R. R.

501f

APPEAL TO LIQUOR SELLERS—NO. 4.

Sirs:—There are yet other reasons with which we would appeal to you to cease your traffic. We ask you now whether your business is morally right! Ask your own consciences. Consult reason. Look into the moral law. If the statements already made in reference to the evils resulting from your traffic are not wholly untrue—and no living man can show them to be untrue—then that traffic must be utterly wrong. It must be wicked in a high degree. Any business, the direct tendency of which is to produce any of the evils referred to, must be wrong. It cannot be right for any man to pursue a business which reduces his neighbor to poverty, fills his body with disease, degrades his character, robs him of happiness, besots his mind and ruins his soul. And the guilt of this course becomes the greater when such is not only the legitimate tendency but the actual consequence, in many instances. He who not only knows theoretically, but sees actually before his eyes, these evils growing out of his business, and yet pursues it, cannot claim—cannot dream of innocence.

Your business clearly involves a violation of the essential principle of all morality—love to your neighbor. It is a fact as clearly settled as any fact can probably be, that the liquor you sell are poisonous to the human system. The alcohol, which is their principal ingredient, has not a particle of aliment in it. It is injurious to the healthy frame. And then it is equally noxious that they are all drugged with sugar of lead, cocculus indicus, and other violent poisons. Now, Sirs, can you plead that you love your neighbor as yourselves, when you are furnishing him with a beverage which you know, in the use he intends to make of it, will poison him; will, if taken in sufficient quantities or long persisted in, take his life? And this, too, when you are aware that in many, in most cases, he is ignorant of the poisonous character of the drink you are furnishing him, and impelled to its use by a burning appetite? Suppose you were laboring under a sense of pain, from which you were anxious to escape. You apply to a physician, and he puts you up a prescription which he knows will temporarily relieve you, but

at the same time poison and bring on worse pain. And suppose that for purposes of gain, he should pursue this course until you were utterly ruined, although he knew and saw what the result must be. Could any reason or sophistry convince you that he loved his neighbor as himself? Or suppose a druggist living near you should sweeten and spice a poisonous mixture, which he would sell cheaply and yet with profit, and sell it to your children for their pennies until they were poisoned to death. Could you be convinced that he loved his neighbor as himself? But in what do these cases differ from the business you are pursuing? You know that your liquors are poisonous. You see that while they gratify a burning appetite and exhilarate for a while, they produce disease and death in those to whom you sell. And you sell for no other earthly reason than because you wish to make money. Can you for a moment imagine that this is consistent with loving your neighbor as yourself?

But, Sirs, your business violates that law which requires justice between man and man. This law requires that one man should not take from another anything, without rendering him an equivalent. It is upon this principle that lotteries and gambling are prohibited by most civilized countries. But do you not receive the drinkers' money, and often the only money he has, with which he might feed and clothe himself and those dependant upon him, without giving him an equivalent? You give him liquor, but is that any real value to him? So far from being of any real value to him, it is the source of incalculable evil, of disease, disgrace, poverty, misery and death. You know beforehand that it will do him no good, but will produce, in a greater or less degree, these very evils. Is your business an honest one, then, so far as the drinker himself is concerned? You may here affirm, as an offset, that it is a voluntary act on the part of the drinker; that you do not take advantage of him, in order to get his money for what is of no value to him. The statement is not exactly true. You do take advantage, in a great many cases, of an appetite which impels him to buy. But, if your plea were strictly true, it would not alter the case. Gamblers do not force men to play with them, or take the money of others, except when they win it by an arrangement voluntarily made. Lottery companies do not take advantage of men as to the purchase of their tickets. They simply offer them for sale, just as you offer your liquors. The purchaser acts as voluntarily, as the man who buys and drinks your poison. And yet in both these cases, common sense and common law, in most of the States of this country, pronounce the transaction dishonest. But your business is worse than either of these. They only take money, without rendering any equivalent whatever; but you give them that which will poison them, and ruin them for time and eternity. It is impossible that you should justify your business, as according with the principles of common justice.

But, Sirs, your business not only does injustice to the drinker, but to all the community. Look a little at the matter in this light. You belong to a community all of whose members are taxed for the support of its institutions, the detection and punishment of crimes committed in its midst, the maintenance of paupers and the promotion of the general good. All are bound to contribute in this way for the good of the whole. Now, whilst you, perhaps, pay your taxes as others, your business produces three-fourths of the pauperism and crime existing, and on account of which all are heavily taxed. The actual cost of the pauperism and crime resulting from your business in this country, is not short of twelve millions of dollars annually. Now, these twelve millions are paid almost entirely by the sober and industrious, who abominate your traffic. Is it just on your part to follow a business which compels your fellow citizens to pay at least a half dollar annually apiece for every man, woman and child, besides putting their property in jeopardy, and their lives and the destiny of their children, in jeopardy? No, Sirs, no. It is impossible that you should ever reconceive your traffic with the eighth precept of the decalogue. It is necessarily unjust, and, therefore, wrong before God.

But neither is your business consistent with the precept "thou shalt not kill." I do not by this mean to charge you with murder. But let me ask you a question or two. Please to answer them to your own conscience, before God.—Suppose a druggist living near you should sweeten a preparation which cost him but a trifle, and to make money should sell it to your children; and as fast as their appetite increases, he should sell them more and more until they sickened and died. What would you call him? Of what crime would you think him guilty? He did not mean to murder your children. He simply wished to get their pennies in a way that would pay the best. But they are dead. They died prematurely. They died of slow poi-

son. He gave them that poison knowing its tendency to produce death. Would you not hold him responsible for their death?—regard him as having produced it? You have neighbors. You sold them alcoholic drinks until they formed a powerful appetite for them. You still sold, and they drank. They brought on delirium, and now they are dead. You did not mean to take their lives. You simply wished to get their dimes. But they are dead—prematurely dead. They died of the slow poison you gave them. You gave it to them knowing the effect it would produce—aye, seeing it producing that effect. What shall we call your part in that transaction? The druggist took the lives of your children. What have you done for these drinkers? If you had done out of malice what you have done for the love of money, what would the law of the land call your act? But is the highwayman less guilty because he takes life in order to get money, than if he had done it out of malice?

Suppose a butcher should discover a poisonous substance which, when spread upon his meat, would give it a very agreeable flavor, and should, by that means, gain the patronage of all the community, and should continue its sale until every tenth man in the community had died. What would you say of such an one? But do you not furnish a poisonous article, and continue its sale, although at least five per cent. of the community perish by that means? Or, suppose a man laboring under derangement should go to a druggist and ask him for a poison, informing him that he wished to drink it, and the druggist should give it to him, and silently watch him drink it down. What judgment would you form of such an act?

Let me ask you, further, if you do not know that the drinks you sell, even if pure, are totally destitute of aliment—are poison; and that, in addition, they are drugged with some of the most active poisons? Do you not know that their use tends to produce an excessive appetite for them, and the gratification of that appetite produces drunkenness and disease and premature death? Do you not know that many to whom you sell are impelled to drink by an appetite they cannot resist, and that some of them are already toppling upon the brink of the grave? Is it not true then that you furnish your fellow men deliberately with drinks knowing them to be poisonous, that they will sooner or later take life if much used, and that those who drink are impelled to it by an appetite so powerful that though they know death must ensue they will drink? Do you not knowingly aid their self destruction? I presume you would shrink with horror from the idea of receiving a bribe to administer poison to a fellow man from which he might die. But what does this differ from what you are actually doing? In that case as in this, money would be the motive. In that case as in this, the desire to produce death would not exist. In that case as in this the knowledge that death would probably ensue would exist.

The result is the same in this case as it would be in that. What is the difference? Simply this: In the one instance the money is offered you by the person injured; in the other by a third person. In the one instance you do it with the consent or at the request of the injured person, in the other without his knowledge or consent. If you did the first, you would be treated as having unlawfully taken life. But in both cases is not the act the same, the motive the same, and the result the same?

A principle of the divine law on the subject of taking life was illustrated by the great Jewish law giver in this way.—If any man owned an ox which he knew would gore he was bound to confine him. But if he was suffered to run at large and goaded any one to death, the owner paid the penalty of his neglect with his life.—He was treated as a man-slayer. You know that your liquors will take the life of men. You not only do not confine them so as to prevent disaster, but your very business and daily occupation is to send them abroad regardless of the ruin they must effect. Besides you know that under the influence of alcoholic drinks, men often rush into the most horrid crimes. They indulge abominable passion, steal, commit mob violence, and take the lives of men. They would not commit these crimes when sober. But they can become intoxicated only by your aid. You give them what you know will excite them and prepare them for, and probably lead them to commit these crimes. Look at that heap of a hundred dead bodies of murdered men. Who murdered them? So many of their fellow men. How came they to commit these crimes? They were maddened. What maddened them? Alcoholic drinks. Who gave them these drinks? You, Sirs, you—and that knowing that such might be the results. Look at that greater heap of thirty thousand bodies laid in the grave annually, as the result of drinking. What are they? Suicides. With what instrument did they commit suicide?

Alcohol. Who furnished it to them? You—and that knowing the results that would follow. Now if, in the judgment of God, "he that hateth his brother is a murderer," though he never touch him violently, what shall he be called who daily administers poison to others knowing the consequences that must follow, and seeing them actually follow? Sirs, you cannot escape being held accountable before God, for a participation in the crimes that legitimately grow out of your traffic. And hence the denunciation of God is, "we unto him that giveth his neighbor drink, that putteth the bottle to his neighbor's mouth and maketh him drunken!"

Your traffic, then, violates the great law of benevolence which God has enjoined. It violates the law of justice between men, taking money and property from the drinker not only without rendering an equivalent but for that which works ruin, and from all your fellow citizens, without any return whatever. It violates the law which binds all "to use all lawful endeavors to preserve their own lives and the lives of others." It makes you partakers of two-thirds of all the crimes, even the most horrid, that are committed in the land. How fearful beyond expression must that account be which you will be called one day to render! By your regard for the welfare of your fellow men—for the meeting you will have with them at the final day—for the authority of God—the forgiveness of guilt and final happiness—by all that ought to be dear to a man, a citizen, a subject of God's government, an accountable, immortal being—we appeal to you to cease a traffic which sets at naught your obligations as a man, a citizen and a subject of the divine government, and which does such fearful wrong to man, pours out such mighty evils upon society, and contracts such unspeakable guilt before God.

SIR CHARLES NAPIER.

The following description of the British Admiral in the Baltic will at the present time be read with interest:

Sir Charles Napier has as little of the heroic look as any man you ever saw.—He is stout, burly and square in figure.—His features are ordinary. His aspect is that of a mere farmer, and his usual attire is by no means as good as "many" farmers would wear. He has a very good natural expression of countenance. His hair is white—that is such of it as remains. He has a slight limp, from a severe wound in the thigh, received in the engagement in 1808, between his brig *Recruit* and the French corvette *Diligente*. He is fond of rural life, and (as Lord Palmerston observed) is an excellent farmer, deep in soil plowing and breeding of stock, the alternation of green and cereal crops, the use and abuse of manures, and all that relates to a country life. As a speaker he is energetic and decisive, coming at once to the purpose and throwing out his sentences rapidly, as if he was firing red hot balls into the enemy. At the age of sixty-eight, this fine old fellow goes out again to battle.—*London Correspondence of the New York Sunday Times.*

DO NOT TATTLE.
What need it concern you, if John Snooks is courting Sal Thompson? They are undoubtedly rational beings, and can conduct their love affairs in a becoming manner without any of your interference. What if Deb Short has got a new dress? It is probably paid for, and cost you nothing; therefore, why need you interest yourself so deeply about it? What if the principal merchant in the place has been insolvent? You are not among his creditors, or for Heaven's sake why can't you let the man have a little enjoyment? Suppose Dorcas Swift does go to a dancing school? It costs you nothing; and as she has a frail constitution, a little exercise of this kind may benefit her general health. This intermeddling with others to the utter neglect of ourselves, is becoming too prevalent with a certain class everywhere. There are none of us who escape misfortune, or are free from error; but to be made the butt and by-word of gossiping, intermeddling simpletons, merely on account of inevitable misfortune or a single error committed, is far from being desirable. If this class of beings have any business of their own, out of regard for themselves and relatives, we hope that they will attend to it.

Yea and Nays on the Liquor Law.
The following is the vote in the House by which the stringent Liquor Law was killed. To have passed it after the position taken by the Democratic party at the last election, which powerfully contributed to the overwhelming victory, would have been a great outrage. The bill was laid on the table by the following vote:
YEAS—Messrs. Allen, Brown, Bean, Birchard, Boomer, Brown, Cantwell, Courtwright, Crane, Cross, Dean, Dickinson, Downing, Durgin, Egly, Ellis, Emory, Gest, Gundy, Hendren, Hester, Holland, Houston, Johnston, Jones, Judy, Krauth, Langdon, Mackenzie, Maitland, McCann, Metcalf, Merwin, Miller, Musser, Paine, Parrot, Peters, Robinson, Rogers, Scott, Smith of Stark, Thompson, Torrey, Tyler, Walker, Walters, Warthen, Wright and Speaker—51.

NAYS—Messrs. Austin, Baker, Burton, Campbell, Cleaver, Ellwell, Emerson, Finley, Fowler, Goodfellow, Gurley, Herck Hessin, Jenkins, Lough, Morris, Oldham, Price Reeves, Stoble, Smith of Wood, Taylor, Towsley and Worthington—26.

A NIGHT IN THE LIFE OF A PHYSICIAN.

I was sitting dozing in my chair, when a tremendous knocking was heard at my door. The servant opened it, when a man rushed in, in the wildest disorder.
"For God's sake, doctor," said he, "come with me! it's life or death. A young girl has stabbed herself; she is bleeding to death. One thousand dollars if you save her! Come, oh, do not delay!" and he rushed towards me, as it to drag me along.

I hurried away with him snatching my instruments from the table as I passed it. I think I never before saw such convulsive grief as this man's face expressed. He was a handsome man, with one of those faces the ladies admire—jet black hair, clustering in waving curls over a white forehead. The lower part of his otherwise feminine features was relieved by a deep, jet black beard.

I asked him for the particulars of the case.
"Doctor," said he, "make haste. I shall go mad. Why, I would give every drop of blood in this body to save one drop of hers. Oh, God!" said he, "reserve my reason. She stabbed herself before I could prevent her. Make haste, doctor—oh, my God! my God!"

We reached the house. On a satin couch, in a splendid room—the rich Turkey carpet covered with her blood—lay a young girl. I think I never saw such a beautiful creature. Even with pallid countenance and bloodless lips, she was more of heaven than earth. What she was when the roses played on her downy cheeks, I could fancy.

There was a deep wound over the heart and it was quite evident that the blow had been given with right good will. On the floor, covered with blood, lay the weapon—a slight Damascus dagger, the handle richly set with pearls, strongly lit up by the reflection of the blood stained ivory.

I was too late! Alas, the life blood was slowly dropping away. That masterpiece of creation was soon to be cold and inanimate. She slowly opened her eyes and fixed them with dying love upon the young man who had summoned me to this scene of death.

"Sidney," she said, "Sidney I am dying. My own Sidney, I could not live neglected, I told you I would love you till death closed upon my victim!"
My compassion at for some time strangely staring at the lifeless form on the couch. I perceived that reason was tottering on its foundation. I was fascinated by this strange look. At last I went up to him.
"Sir," said I, "she is no more. Death has released her from her troubles."
"Dead! did you say she is dead, doctor!" said he, with a strange and curious stare at me. "Ah, and you have murdered her," yelled the madman—for such he was now. "You have murdered her, and I—shall murder you. Ah! ah! it will be rare sport!" Before I could prevent him, he had picked up the dagger. "Yes," said he, with a yell, "I will murder you with her dagger. I will stab you in the same place. Oh! it will be rare sport to see you groan and struggle like she did. Ah! ah!" and he made one bound at me. Now this was far from pleasant. In fact it was a very awkward fix to be in. I did not know how to act. The madman made a grab at me, but fortunately I eluded his grasp, and thinking it better to fight in the dark, I seized the lamp and cast it on the floor. The room was now dark. The madman set up a terrible yelling, and I could hear him lock the door and put the key in his pocket. He kept muttering, "I will kill him! I will kill him! Oh, it will be rare sport! I will die like she did!"

I felt my courage rise with the emergency. I half determined to try a struggle with him, but I knew the increased strength that the insane possess, and I thought it scarcely prudent. What should I do? I must do something. It would soon be daylight, when I should again be in his power. I felt for some weapon with which to defend myself, and as luck would have it, I found a heavy dumb bell in the corner where I lay concealed. Presently, I heard the madman slowly searching for me; I raised the dumb bell, "any God forgive me," said I, it descended, and I was free. The madman lay stunned on the floor. I rushed to the door, smashed in the lock with the heavy metal, and rushed down stairs. Presently, the house was all in commotion. Oh, what a scene! the girl dead in a pool of blood—the man insensible on the floor, with the dagger clutched in his hand. I bled him, and he slowly recovered. But reason never returned. He is a madman to this day. I never heard the history of my patient of that night. They were strangers in the house. I never shall forget that night's adventure.

A person looking over the catalogue of professional gentlemen of the bar, with his pencil writing against the name of one who was of the bustling talents. "Has been accused of, wrote immediately under it:—He has been tried and acquitted."

THE WARD AFFAIR.

A CARD FROM BUTLER'S BROTHER.

We have just received from a friend, the following card, issued in Louisville by a brother of the murdered Prof. Butler.—It will be read with interest. Louisville, at last accounts, was all alive with excitement—much bide fair to burst into an open riot.

To the People of Louisville.
I heard it stated that fears are entertained that some deed of violence will be committed in this community, which is so justly incensed on account of the infamous verdict of a Hardin county Jury. Hoping that, on account of my connection with the lamented dead, I may have some influence in this matter, I take the liberty of addressing you. In addition to the injury which has been done to all, I have lost a brother who was as dear to me as the apple of my eye—a brother in which I never saw a fault from childhood to death.

But the pain which the sight of violence would cause to me, would be almost as great as that which I felt when I saw my mother and sister distressed over my brother's dead body. If I could call my brother from the grave, I know he would unite with me in imploring you to abstain from violence. I beg each of you, from regard to his memory, to do everything in his power to prevent the anger of the community from breaking out into violence. I beg you, if you have any regard for me to act calmly and prudently. Remember that, if violence is committed, the wives and children of the guilty persons must suffer as well as the individuals themselves; let us not wage war against women and children. I appeal to your magnanimity and your chivalry. NOBLE BUTLER.

Saturday, April 29.

THE JURY.

The Louisville Democrat of Saturday last says:
"The moment the Jury was empaneled, the honest portion of the citizens of Hardin county said, unhesitatingly, that twelve just men could not anywhere be found; and that, no matter what the testimony might be, a conviction was not to be looked for. A glance at their faces by a stranger would at once have led him to conclude that it was 'sentence day' in court, and that the convicts of a protracted term had just been brought out to receive sentence. There was but one man on the jury whose face would not have condemned him in any civil community—we mean Crutcher. He looked like an honest man. We hope, though with many doubts, that he was; but that, finding himself in a den of—[we were going to say *thieves*], but respect for the inmates of the Penitentiary forbids such a comparison)—finding himself with eleven such men as he was associated with, he permitted himself to be overruled."

"It was sickening to hear the comments of the neighbors and acquaintances of the juror upon their fiery and character.—One had been indicted for burning his neighbor's barn, and never acquitted. Another was known to have committed base perjury. Another had visited the prison in jail repeatedly, and had again and again that its prisoners were free, and yet had sworn as a juror that he had formed no opinion. Another had brought a boy with him from the country to take back his horse, telling his family that he expected to be caught upon the jury to try the Ward case; and yet when sworn as to having formed any opinion, with the most affecting air of innocence, asked what case it was, and had to study some time before he could remember whether he had ever heard of the case before. These comments and opinions were not promulgated after the verdict, but from the moment the jury was empaneled, it was the common talk of the whole community."

We intend at a future day and a column or two, to resume this subject, and make a full expose of the whole matter.

"While residing, a few years ago, in the Monumental City," writes "N. S. S.," in a pleasant gossiping letter "I used to go sometimes on Sunday to a small church, near my residence to hear a famous negro preacher. The church had been built by a few benevolent gentlemen, as a place of worship for their slaves. The preacher, himself a slave, was an old negro known throughout the city as a perfectly original specimen of imagination and humor, and more especially for his unique construction of various portions of the divine Word. He frequently numbered among his hearers the elite of the city, who were drawn thither in the hope of hearing 'some new thing,' and truth to say, they were seldom disappointed. To give some idea of his style—necessarily imperfect to an outsider for his gesticulation was peculiar and forcible—I will narrate a morsel."

He said: 'Now, if any of you niggers 'link dat 'cuss you's black, and pore, and miserable, you's on a great conquence in de Lord's eyes you's vasily 'taken, I 'spect, as I could prove by many pins ob de divine Word; but one will be 'forn to your dull comprehensions. De Lord says, in one place, 'God will not let even a sparrow fall to de ground without his notice, and in 'ouder place he says, 'Are not two sparrows sold for a fardein? A fardein I would form you, is 'sposed to be 'bout as a cent. Well den, now, if de Lord takes so much care ob a sparrow, with only half a cent, ob how much a 'portent's my dear brethren, in his eyes, are you's and six hundred dollar niggers!'

A postmaster in this county, while puzzling out a very uncertain correspondence to an Irish letter recently received, by that the Paddies brought a hard nut of names to this country. 'Ah,' replied Pat, 'but they git devilish right hard once after they arrive 'here.'—*Salem Gazette.*